

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

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Boot & Shoe Manufacturing and Repairing Shop, (up stairs), over Wallace's Store. Washington Street, Grand Haven. S. KISSER, Foreman. R. C. FOSHA.

Robinson & Co., Billiard Saloon, (up stairs), second door East of the Ottawa House, Water Street, Grand Haven, Mich.

For the GRAND HAVEN NEWS. THE LOVER'S STREAM.

BY ALONZO NELSON.

The stream that once sang to the lowing herds,
Meanders yet, through the forest green,
Warbling its notes in concert with birds,
That daily come forth to welcome sweet spring.

Ah! happy were the hours I've spent with thee,
When in my childhood years;
I've carried a heart which was light and free,
But sorrowed now with bitter tears.

When the sun shot forth her diamond rays;
And burnished the earth with crimsoned gold,
Or played wild freaks with the rippling waves,
A kiss from one I've often stole.

When the silvery moon, in purity and grace,
Like a fairy spirit, played on thy shores,
And gaily kissed thy gleesome face,
To one I pledged to part no more.

Ah! bright, happy days, thou art passed—
But memory has engraven on my heart
The holy hours—too beautiful to last;
Death claimed its victim, two hearts did part.

Alas! for Time and Death and Care;
What gloom about our way they fling,
Like breakers to the brave mariner,
The burial pageant of the spring.

POSTAGE, April 20, 1859.

THE SNOW-EATER.

A Thrilling Story of a Wolf Hunt in Russia.

In the long winters of Russia, when the want of food has rendered the wolves ferocious, it is an exciting and skillful piece of business to hunt them.

Three or four hunters, armed with double barreled rifles, place themselves in the *Troika*, a sort of sledge, drawn by three horses, and receiving its name, not from its form, but from the manner in which the horses are driven—the middle one being a trotter, and one on each side always going at a gallop, the whole three harnessed abreast.

The middle horse trots with his head very low, and is called the "Snow-Eater." The others gallop with elevated fronts, leaping and plunging, and working off so that the equipage presents at a distance the appearance of an open fan. These two are denominated "The Furies."

A sure coachman, if any coachman is sure, is always chosen to drive the *troika* on these expeditions.

Behind the sledge is attached a young kid by a rope or chain some twelve feet in length, and it is thus conducted carefully into the forest, where it is intended to commence the hunt. The kid is then put out of the sledge and the driver whips up his horses, which bound away at full speed, the middle one trotting and the other two galloping.

The young kid, not being used to this sort of treatment, sets up the most plaintive and earnest lamentations at his fate. At the first cry a wolf trusts his nose out of the bushes, and starts in pursuit of the kid; then three wolves, then ten wolves, and soon there are fifty of the ferocious animals howling in pursuit.

They dispute with each other for the possession of the kid, fighting to see who can get the nearest; one dashing at him with a stroke of his paw, another with a snap of the teeth, till the poor victim, from lamentations passes to cries of despair, which arouse more of them from the distant depths of the forest. All the wolves within the radius of a large league hasten to the banquet, and the *troika* is soon pursued by a countless troop. It is then a very agreeable thing to have a good driver.

The horses, which have an instinctive horror of wolves, become madly excited, and dash onward at a furious rate. The trotter would like to gallop—the gallopers would like to take the bits in their teeth.

Away they go! and the hunters have only to load and fire at random if being unnecessary to take aim. The kid cries, the horses whinny, the wolves howl, the rifles roar—the whole forming a concert that might make Mephistopheles jealous. Equipped, horses, hunters, kid, troops of wolves—all in a whirlwind, drive furiously over the snow, and making it fly in every direction, a storm cloud through the air.

While the driver remains master of his team, however excited they may be, all goes well. If a rein breaks or escapes from his grasp, if a trace parts, or the *troika* upsets, all is over! The next day, or the day after, or a week or ten days later, somebody will find the ruins of the *troika*, the barrels of rifles, the carcasses of the horses and the large bones of the hunter and driver.

It was during Alexander Dumas' first winter in Russia, that he went wolf hunting with the Prince Garousky and another friend—the affair came very near being the last hunt of all concerned.

A sledge was prepared and attached to three horses, who were confined to a driver born in the vicinity and full of experience. Dumas placed himself to face the rear, the Prince on one side, and their friend on the other. Thus they arrived on the steppe, which is an immense desert covered with snow, the time being

night, and the moon shining brightly over the scene, its reflected rays on the snow almost equalling the light of day.

The kid was thrown out and the sledge was started. No sooner did the animal feel himself drawn away in spite of himself, than he commenced his complaint.

A few wolves soon appeared, but seemed fearful, remaining at a distance from the sledge. But their numbers gradually grew near to the hunters, proceeding at no ordinary speed, as impatient as were their steeds. When the number of wolves had increased to twenty, they were near enough to the sledge for the work of destruction to commence.

A single shot, a wolf fell, somewhat disturbing the equanimity of the survivors, many of whom discontinued the chase. But it must be remarked that the greater part of them, notwithstanding the proverb, that "Wolf won't eat wolf," threw themselves upon their unfortunate relative and tore him to pieces.

The backsliders, however, were soon replaced. Howlings responded to howlings on all sides and sharp noses were seen sticking out from behind every bush, while gleaming eyes were as thick below the horizon as the stars were above, if not half so pleasant. Enough of them were constantly within reach of the rifles, and the hunters kept loading and firing with all possible dispatch.

But, although every shot told, the wolves, instead of diminishing, continued to increase. Their progress was so rapid that they did not create the slightest noise—their advancing wave, like a silent tide, drawing every moment nearer to the sledge, and never retreating, rapidly as the hunters loaded and fired.

They formed behind the prince and his comrades an immense demi-circle, the two points of which commenced to bend around the *troika*, as far in front as the heads of the horses, while their numbers increased with such rapidity it seemed as if they had arisen out of the earth.

There was something fantastical, too, in their appearance and it was almost impossible for Dumas and his friends to realize the presence of two or three thousand wolves in a desert plain where you could not meet more than one or two in a whole day's journey.

"Enough of this!" cried the Prince at last, as he drew in the kid, whose cries served to augment the pursuing host besides increasing the number of those already close behind them.

"We cannot say we are wolf hunting," said Dumas attempting a smile; "the wolves are hunting us!"

The party still kept up their fire but their ammunition was more than half gone. Perhaps there were two hundred charges remaining in their pouches, but they were surrounded by at least two thousand wolves.

The two corners of the demi-circle advanced more and more, and commenced to close in, making a circle of which the hunters, the horses and the sledge would soon become the center.

If one of the horses should happen to stumble, all would be finished! and the affrighted animals already seemed to emit fire from their nostrils, as they plunged madly onward sweeping over the steps like the storm king of winter.

"What do you think of it?" asked the prince of the driver.

"I think it is not good to be here," the Furies have no blunders, and those advancing corners make them wild."

"Do you fear the result?"

"These devils have tasted blood, and the more you fire the more their numbers will increase," returned the driver evasively.

"What is your advice?"

The driver reined in the heads of the Furies with a sharp jerk, and cheered them on. They had been looking at the wolves, and were snorting in the greatest alarm.

"If you give me permission, I shall cut the traces of the Furies, and let them sheer around facing the wolves, one going to the right and the other to the left, leaving the Snow-Eater to dash on between them."

"Can you do it?"

"I can try and nothing else will save us. In a moment longer, when those corners get a little more in front, the Furies will dash out sideways, and stop us, or crowd in upon the Snow-Eater, and bring us all in a pile. There! you see—help! there!—I cannot—"

"For God's sake let them go to the wolves, since they will!" cried the prince, and suiting the action to the word, he cut the traces.

"Help! away!" cried the driver to the Snow-Eater, as with a skillful hand, he jerked the free horses in different directions.

The noble steed did not fail to respond. His rapid pace became yet swifter, the driver causing him to describe a curve which sooner or later, cut off one corner of that fearful demi-circle.

"On your lives do not fire any more," he cried.

The two gallopers thus left in the midst of the wolves, remained stoppered for one brief instant, and then bounded away in opposite directions. Thus divid-

ing their enemies, part of whom fell off from the pursuit of the sledge, to follow and destroy the Furies.

A quarter of an hour later the prince and his companions were at the *chateau*. In that quarter of an hour, the Snow-Eater had drawn them six miles!

The next day the entire party visited the scene of action on horseback, and found the bones of over a hundred wolves in the track of their flight.

As to M. Dumas, he declares that the event we have recorded was his first and last wolf hunt in Russia.

WHITTIER.

John G. Whittier, the Quaker poet of Amesbury, Mass., was at the Francis Yearly meeting at Philadelphia, last week.

As most people know, Whittier is not a man of the world. He is not fond of what, in common parlance is called "society." He lives in retired and simple fashion, with a younger sister, who like himself, is unmarried. This sister is endowed with genius as well as her brother. Like all bachelors, Whittier has his love story. You have only to read his poems to conclude that his heart has not always been by rule. Tender, touching and melodious as they are, their strongest characteristic is the profound and intense heart life which they breathe. I say this in defence of Whittier's bachelor estate, for to be a bachelor or an old maid because one is too frigid to be anything else, is an unmitigated disgrace. Whittier looks older and milder than the picture which represents him in his books. He impresses you as one whose intellectual force is too powerful for the vital, as if thought and feeling were draining the secret fountain of life. He is pale and thin, with a dark, burning eye set under the arch of a high white forehead. His expression is sad, rather than passionate, and his mouth looks as if it would wring itself when it said fierce instead of tender things. He dresses in Quaker garb, and says "Thee and Thou." I can feel as I gaze upon his face, that he said from his very soul:

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It Might Have Been.'
Oh, well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply hidden from human eye;
And in the Heaven's angles may
Roll the stone from its grave away."

A NEW HOOP DISEASE.—A new disease has made its appearance since the introduction of hoops. It exhibits itself in cold weather, and then is only discoverable in cities where the buildings are warmed with furnaces. Two ladies were standing over a register recently, talking and laughing, when one endeavoring to sit was suddenly attacked and screamed violently. The other soon also tried to sit and was attacked in the same manner. The explanation is that by standing so long over the register their metallic hoops became heated to such a degree that when they attempted to be seated, it was like sitting on a hot gridiron. Of course they were not a great length of time getting up again, and naturally enough uttered screams, all of which would be very mysterious to lookers-on, unacquainted with the mysterious hoops.

MOVEMENT FOR A NEW STATE.—The old project of dividing California into two States has again been revived, and a bill to that effect has already passed the lower house of her Legislature. It is hardly probable, however, that we shall have a third State upon the Pacific slope yet awhile, for should this bill pass into a law in California, Congress would have to act on it, and no one has the slightest apprehension that it would be sanctioned by that body.

FORCE OF EXAMPLE.—Some years ago, Dr. Webb, a well-known physician in Windham, Ct., committed suicide by hanging himself in the stable where he kept his horse. He was succeeded in his practice by Dr. Litchfield, who kept his horse in the same place, and once remarked to a friend, "I seem to see him hanging there every time I go into the barn. A short time since Dr. L. hung himself in the same place."

SUNDAY SCHOOL SCHOLARS.—Dr. Hawes of Hartford, Conn., estimates the whole number of Sabbath school teachers, in Great Britain and the United States, at one million, and the number of scholars at seven millions. Of the seven million scholars, four millions are in Great Britain and three millions in the United States.

Persons desirous of not being carried out of the world by bed bugs will be glad to learn that they can't stand hot alum water. Take two pounds of alum, and reduce it nearly to powder; dissolve it in a gallon of boiling water, letting it remain in a warm place until the alum is dissolved. It is to be applied hot, by means of a brush.

The remains of the Christian hero, Havelock, lie in a dirty kitchen garden at Lucknow, India—the only mark to designate the spot, being his name rudely cut in the bark of a neighboring tree.

In a letter written from the Pike's Peak gold region, we find the following: "This is a great country; only one white unmarried woman here, and over a thousand men. There are five gambling houses in active operation; two race courses, and a string band in full blast every night."

MISCELLANEOUS AND NEWS ITEMS.

—In our infancy, we cut our teeth; in age, our teeth cut us. Such is life.

—The customs of the Spanish ladies has not changed for two hundred years.

—If you mean to be happy when you are old, be temperate when you are young.

—"To-morrow" is the day on which lazy folks work, and fools reform.

—Virtue offers the only path which, in this life, leads to tranquility.

—Dog stealing in the second degree—hooking sausages.

—When may wheat bread be said to be inhabited? When it has a little Indian in it.

—"Father," said an ambitious young sinner, "I can do without shoes, but I am suffering for want of a bosom pin."

—The question is not the number of facts a man knows, but how much of a fact he is himself.

—As the sweetest rose grows upon the sharpest prick, so the hardest labor brings forth the sweetest profits.

—The whole number of Indians at present in this country is estimated at 259,000.

—A young lady who was urged to study French, replied that she thought one tongue sufficient for any woman.

—Judgment is a faculty which very few people have enough of to discover they want more.

—"The local" of the Petersburg Express, very independently announces to his friends that he has got a wife of his own now; henceforth she'll trouble his neighbors—don't ask any old's of them—shall neither borrow nor lend.

—A negro on being examined, was asked if his master was a Christian. "No sir, he's a member of Congress," was the reply.

—Do one thing at a time—that's the rule. When you have done slandering your neighbor, then begin to say your prayers.

—Every girl, who intends to qualify for marriage, should go through a course of cookery. Unfortunately, few wives are able to dress anything but themselves.

—If misfortune come into your house, be patient and smile pleasantly, and it will soon stalk out again, for it can't bear cheerful company.

—Many a farmer trims up a little pet of a tree until it is nothing but a broom handle, and then complains that it does not do well.

—Myneer Drinkenhoff makes a distinction thus: "Too much whisky is too much; but too much lager beer is shoost right."

—A writer says that "life may be merry as well as useful." Every person that owns a mouth has always a good opening for a laugh.

—Canada thistles can easily be destroyed by an application of salt to them. Refuse brine poured upon thistles or other noxious weeds will destroy them.

—The officers of eleven Judges in Massachusetts will be vacated by a recent act of the Legislature, after the 10th of May next.

—"I haven't taken a drop of liquor for a year," said an individual of questionable morals. "Indeed! but which of your features are we to believe, your lips or your nose?"

—"Now, look yer, Charlie, Jim must be a honest nigger, and then again he moult; but if I was a chicken, and knowed dat he was bout de yard, I tell you what, nigger, I'd roost high I would."

—A chap was asked what kind of a "Gal" he preferred for a wife. He replied: "One that was not a prodi-gal, but a frugal and a true-gal, and one that suited his conjugal taste."

—"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Said, "but once when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and was contented with my lot."

—"A ruffian shot at me last night," said a puerile gentleman, "and my life was saved by the ball's striking a silver dollar in my pocket." "Whoever takes true aim at your heart, is very certain to hit a dollar," said one who knew him.

—A Quaker lately popped the question to a fair Quakeress, thus: "Hain—yes, and verily, Penelope, the spirit argoth and moveth me wonderfully, to beseech thee to cleave unto me, flesh of my flesh, and bone of my bone?" "Hain—truly, truly, Obediah, thou hast wisely said, and inasmuch as it is not good to be alone, I will sojourn with thee."

—A "lover" received the following note, accompanied by a bouquet of flowers:—"Deer—I send u bi the boy a bucket of flour. They is like my lar for u; the nite shaid menses kepe dark. The dog fenil menses I am ure slave."

—"Boris red and pees pall,
Mi lar for a shall never fail."

—"When a stranger treats me with a want of respect," said a philosophic poor man, "I comfort myself with the reflection that he shights but my old shabby coat and hat, which to say the truth have no particular claim to admiration. So if my hat and boots choose to frob about it, let them, but is nothing to me."

OUR FIRST VISIT TO OTTAWA CENTER.

Having occasion to transact some business with our worthy Judge of Probate, Hon. Augustus W. Taylor, some ten days since, we concluded to visit his residence by the way of Ottawa Center.

We left Grand Haven on board the steamer *Michigan*, Capt. Gano, and our first successful experiment, after getting under way, was converting a Grand River shipplaster into specie, by paying one to the Captain and getting the change out of him. Although it was rather trying to the Captain, it was a useful experiment, as it determined the fact that specie can be got for shipplasters.

We soon reached the landing at the Center, and hastily climbed "Zion's hill," all Ottawa Center lay before us. The sight is a fine one for a town, and if we had only had our friend Benj. Smith with us, to point out the lofty towers and shining battlements of the expected Court House, and the iron bound windows of the future County jail, we might have realized all the beauties of the prospect. As it was, we made a hasty survey and took up our line of march for Judge Taylor's. We readily found his residence, a neat white cottage on the Grand River Road, just after leaving the pine lands and entering upon the beech and maple loan lands which constitute the best farming lands in Crocker.

The Judge was unfortunately absent, so leaving our errand with Mrs. T. and taking a hasty survey of the premises, we returned to the Center to take passage on the *Olive Branch* for Grand Haven.—She was due at noon, but it was past 2 when she made her appearance. The wind was quite fresh up the river, and the *Olive* was about as manageable in getting off from a landing as an old plow horse with a country lad on his back at a militia training. At Barnards landing, we backed around not much less than a dozen times, before getting pointed down the river on our course.

Below Beckerville we landed a man with three or four bags of meal, and Capt. Eastman, after he had stepped ashore, threw him two or three cent pieces in change. One, he readily found, but the other eluded his search. We were here compelled to go through the same gyrations, and probably navigated around and about not less than half an hour before getting away; as long as we could see our friend at the landing, he was still anxiously seeking his three cent piece.

It made rather a comical conjunction. The *Olive*, spluttering about the river as if spell bound, or crazy, and our solitary friend on the shore now anxiously seeking, now poking with a stick, now digging out muskrat holes, and finally, down on all fours, groping for his lost three cent piece. A superstitious person might have cast an evil eye upon the boat in revenge for the loss of his money.

But at length we succeeded in getting away, and in course of time, Capt. Eastman landed us at Grand Haven. The fare on the boats is very low, and when we entered the spacious saloon of the *Olive*, and saw the few passengers, we concluded that the Editor who would ask to be dead headed on a Grand River steamboat this spring, would be mean enough to take pennies out of the poor box at the church door, or steal a sick nigger's last hot cake. We hope the boats will get business enough to induce them to keep running, as they are a great convenience to the people of the river towns.

OTAWA REGISTER.
A CAT AT SEA.—Capt. Brown, of the brig *Elmira*, from Cuba, when twenty-four hours from Cardenas, about forty miles south-east of the Florida Capes, saw something upon the water with an animal upon it. He changed the course of his vessel, and as he approached the object it proved to be a small bale of goods with a cat upon it. As the vessel passed, the cat jumped into the water, swam to the vessel and was taken on board. It had a voracious appetite, which was quickly satiated with salt junk. The cat was brought home, and is now domiciled at the house of the captain. How it came in the situation in which it was discovered, must be left to conjecture.

[Portland Argus.]

SLICK UP.—Yes, that's the phrase—slick up the whole premises. Now's the time to clean up about the house, the barn, garden and farm generally. Slick up the door yard, and all the other yards, fields, fences, buildings, and so forth. After "slicking up" things once, you will not only feel a vast deal better, and have an easy conscience, but will find it a comparatively trifling task to keep things "to rights." A little time and labor now will accomplish much, and if you, Mr. Husband and Father, think anything of your family, and wish to make home pleasant and attractive to your wife, children and friends, you will act sensibly and wisely, and slick up the farm. [Rural New Yorker.]

STRAWBERRIES.—A correspondent of the *Portland Argus* says he gathered from an acre of Necked Pine Strawberry, one hundred bushels, which he sold at an average of fourteen cents per quart, amounting to the sum of \$140.00. The picking was two cents per quart, leaving a balance of \$34